NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

...OPSIS: Allaire West has at learned the truth about Terry ett—and the other way about. truth is simply that each loves the other, and that nothing can keep them apart. So Terry, who is an engineer in charge of a tough job up a fever-laden South American river, and Allaire, who is a daughter of great wealth in the States, are married in Propiconoire. Terry must shortly leave Allaire and go back to his job.

Chapter 40

DAYS TOGETHER

"I HOPE you're going to get along all right," said Terry. "If you need anything or get in a jam, notify Drake or the Consul. They'll contact me somehow."

"How long will you be gone, Terry?"

He shook his head.

"A long time, I'm afraid. Hope to get through before the rain comes, but I don't know— The rain's lovely around here, Allaire. Soaks through you, seems to get into the houses, rises back to the sky in early morning mists and comes down again. The same raindrop is used a thousand times. And that lousy Paiva swells and swells. Gets hold of some terrific force from somewhere—usually it just muddles along. Sort of makes me think of a rejuvenated slimy snake coming out of the mud."

"Terry, don't—think about it, tonight."

He looked down at her swiftly.

"Sorry, Allaire."

"It's just the night that starts us off together and all the rain and rivers and heat in the world aren't going to spoil it. And it really is a beautiful night. You mustn't forget that."

He was silent and so was she for a moment.

"Terry," she said hesitatingly, "you never really loved Puff Harrington—did you?"

"Who? Oh, Puff! So you know about that?"

"I don't want to know anything, but I just want to feel for you—"

"Forget it, honey," he bade briefly. "There was never anything between Puff and me. You were all that ever mattered."

Sic transit Puff. Allaire felt a grand little thrill. Not that it would have mattered now, but she'd always been proud herself, and it was such a relief to know that he hadn't buried himself in blind, transient escape.

As they stood there the warm tenor of the night seemed to become colder and he felt her arm shiver slightly in his.

"Better go in, Allaire. These nights sneak up on you."

She turned to go, met his eyes, and paused. For a minute they looked at each other without a word, then her eyes dropped with the quick sweep of those long lashes, and her naturally high color seemed a bit heightened.

She went into the house and Wil left took one last look at the chilling night over Propiconoire, frowned slightly, and flicked his cigaret out into the darkness. Its glowing tip described a wide arc and fell to earth to die, a little slow-burning spot.

Then he turned and followed her.

THREE days later he had to go. He'd done all he could to make her secure. Drake would keep in touch with her and the Consul was always close at hand, and yet he felt that he could have done more: he didn't know exactly what, but there was a feeling that this girl who'd followed him to Pluto's Playground wasn't really secure.

He left a revolver with her before he went, opening a table drawer and dropping it in.

"Remember where that is," he said casually.

"You need that more than I do," she said. She didn't like the things much.

"Don't worry. I've a couple more and so has Corrigan. Good-bye, Allaire, take care of yourself. Don't," he grinned briefly, "wait up late."

He kissed her and she held on to him suddenly, fiercely, and then released him. Silly! She acted as though he were sailing for the front line trenches.

But the stamp of battle was already in Terry Willett's face and she knew he probably fought a job as he fought a man, grimly, relentlessly, recklessly, risking anything and daring all to beat it down.

A man to whom life was still a bloody, sweating battlefield and who didn't know his own keen powers for fine achievement and balanced life.

He was gone and she was alone.

DAYS passing into weeks and weeks passing like the endless monotonous click of subway turnstiles in a rush hour—weeks that saw the bright hot sun of day begin early and go down in a final blast of vengeful, scorching heat to be replaced by the queer chilliness of evening.

She had cabled her family and George Fox that she was married and happy and well. She never felt any homesickness, but then this funny little stucco house with the iron bars on the windows was the first real home she'd had.

Her mind was too quick and eager to assimilate the torpor of her surroundings. She went about learning Spanish from Rosa, and if any of the storekeepers in Propiconoire were amazed at a beautiful American girl talking uncertain Spanish with a Chaiki inflection, Allaire didn't notice.

When she walked abroad, Rosa paddled along behind her, always behind, a fat figure with a shawl over head and shoulders.

And when they went driving, Eugenio would procure the carriage and sit on the driver's seat, his stooped shoulders bending yet further over the reins, and they would travel into the interior, investigating the small squalid native villages around Propiconoire.

She stole off one night alone, and muffled in a dark cloak, hired a carriage and drove through some of the streets of Propiconoire. She saw those soldier-police in action then. Allaire didn't go around alone after that.

Drake dropped in from time to time, but with the customary phlegm of his race could offer no particular spontaneity to his visits. It was the padre whom she liked most to see. The padre knew all about what Terry was trying to do, what his father had tried to do before him.

Allaire lost that sense of ennui that had risen to afflict her and felt the tang of battle, her battle and Terry's, when suddenly something new came into her life. Instantly she longed to see Terry with all her heart and soul.

And then one day—

Yes, it was certain. Terry Willett—you're going to be a father, and please act as if you liked it. The question mark came back from the shadows into which it had been banished.

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Terry pays a quick visit to Allaire, Monday.

Allaire investigated the nearby villages.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

When accident or sickness robs a person of one sense, they often partly compensate for this loss by developing their other senses to a degree not found in normal individuals. Thus the blind man's touch and sense of smell are better than those of a sighted person. A person who cannot hear can train his eyes to read the lips of others so well that normal conversation can be carried on by one who cannot hear a word.

Among animals this tendency also exists and has been demonstrated dramatically on the American plains of frontier days. Herds of American buffalo, properly called bison, often had blind members of the herd serving as lookouts. Animals with normal vision, relying on their eyes, had a tendency to ignore a strange scent or a distant sound, where a blind buffalo would pay attention to it. There were, of course, normal sighted animals serving as lookouts in addition to the blind ones.

Blind buffaloes were by no means rare, as prairie fires often overtook herds and blinded some animals.

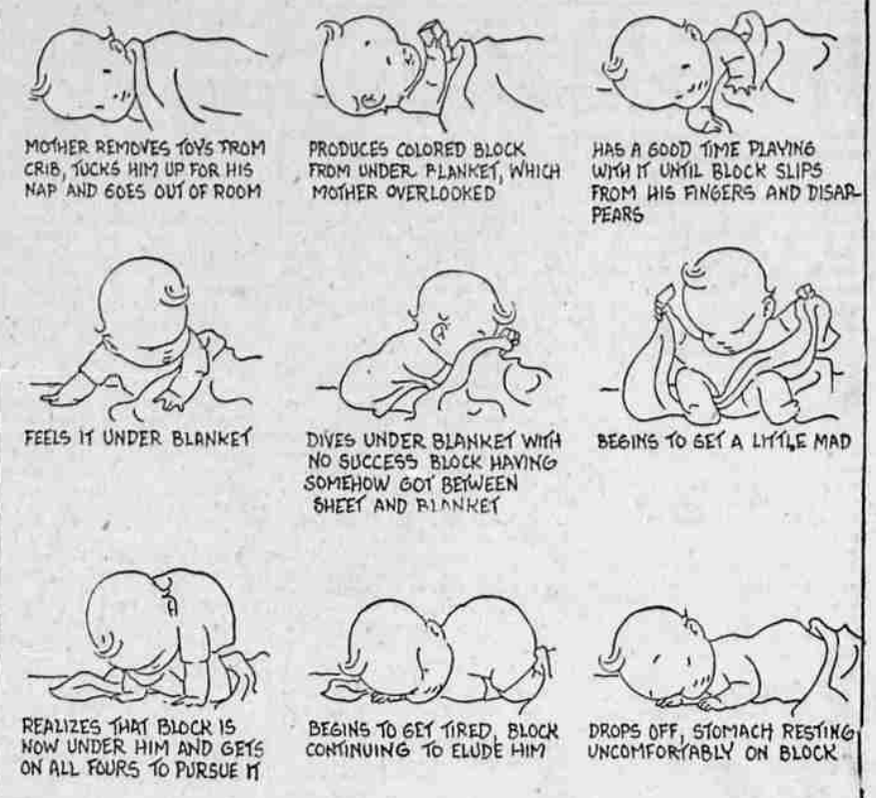
When Sir Walter Raleigh was led to the block after a long and varied career to die under a 15-year old sentence of death, the headsman hesitated before striking the blow. During this pause Raleigh turned to the executioner and told him to strike—ordering, with his last words, his own execution.

LARGER AIR LINERS DUE IN NEAR FUTURE

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 29.—(AP)—In the near future airliners will be designed for passenger comfort, including sleeping accommodations for 20 persons and daytime facilities for 40 passengers, Hafner Hinshaw, staff assistant, United Air Lines, told business and professional men at the University club here last night.

BED TOY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—

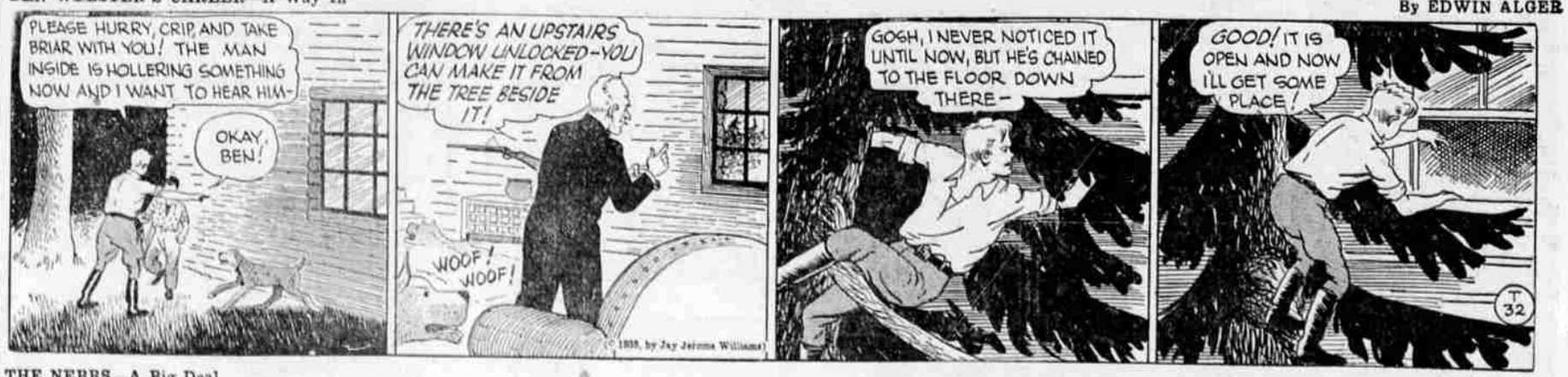
By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Leans—There Is a Way Out!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Way In

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—A Big Deal

By SOL HESS

15-YEAR SENTENCE FOR SLAYING WOMAN

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 29.—(AP)—Frank La Belle, 68, pleaded guilty to manslaughter Tuesday for the slaying of Mrs. Myrtle A. Service, 37, and was sentenced to 15 years in prison and fined $5,000.

La Belle, a Jewell, Ore., barber, shot Mrs. Service to death in their hotel room. He was charged with first degree murder but was permitted to plead on the manslaughter count because of his advanced years and his declaration that he was intoxicated at the time of the crime.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell winnco glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

CARAVAN OF GYPSIES FINDS NO WELCOME

GRANTS PASS, Jan. 29.—(AP)—Nineteen cars of gypsies were ushered through Grants Pass yesterday noon by Sheriff E. H. Lisler and state police. The caravan was allowed to stop for gas and then sent on with a state police escort.

State police headquarters here stated today that the caravan had been met by a state police convoy at Grants Pass and ushered to the California state line.

ALSEA, Ore., Jan. 29.—(AP)—A roaring fire destroyed the Cottage hotel and two homes nearby and threatened the remainder of the business district before it was controlled yesterday.